

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

The Pleasures of the Fireside

A fireside presupposes a home and homely surroundings. It also presupposes a home lover, a person who sits by the fireside and loves its clear blaze, and can build castles or see pictures in the flames and the red coals, when the heart of the fire is glowing.

The fireside doesn't mean a radiator, or a hot water system, or gas logs, or an electrical heating apparatus. These are all very fine in their way, and come popularly under the head of what is known as labor-saving contrivances. The fireside is not labor-saving, or even economical. It is a luxury in its way. But to those who indulge in its pleasures it seems an investment that repays time and labor and money expended on it.

It would be hard to say when a fireside is most enjoyed. It is certainly a pleasant companion in the early morning hour. Breakfast is partaken of with greater zest to an accompaniment of the cheerful song with which a fireside begins its morning work, bringing out reflective brightness from the breakfast table furnishings, and keeping time with the conversational hum around the board.

But a seat on the rug in the gloaming, a circle gathered in the intimate evening association, tastes the full flavor of confidence that the neighborhood of the fireside inspires. Everything disagreeable and jarring and inharmonious is shut out. Secrets, tender confidences, interchange of thought, all these are born of the time and the surroundings, and hearts are drawn closer and life seems sweeter while the hour lasts.

Firesides are a survival. They have no part or place in the highly ornate modern buildings in which up-to-date conveniences and arrangements have taken their place. Firesides have mostly gone, but they have taken something with them in their going. The spirits of the fireside, the household gods to whom the ancients paid reverence, whose protection and blessing rewarded conjugal and filial affection, are conspicuously lacking. Around the radiators families do not gather as of yore, and oftener than otherwise the day draws to its close without a renewal of that intercourse which renders, or should render, home so dear to its indwellers.

The fireside is an emblem of hospitality in its truest sense, the hearty, neighborly sense that is whole-souled and generous. Such hospitality is also a survival and unique in its way. It has gone out of general use in the jostle and hurry-burly of the day. Its rascally renders to all the more appreciated when it goes along with the dancing, leaping flames, and answers to the cheerfulness they symbolize.

The fireside has been a home feature since first humanity began to live indoors, under the roofs and within walls. The great Yule log has sent its sparks up the chimney's throat, and roared its defiance to wind and storm since the earliest Christmas celebration. Christmas would not seem like Christmas without its fires and firesides, with its rows of stockings for little gift-receivers to pounce upon and go into in the early dawn of Christmas morning.

This being the case, it would seem best that there are a few firesides left, and a few old-fashioned folk who still are given to dreaming beside them, and sharing over them with their friends the best they have to bestow of sympathy and love.—The Passerby.

Bits of Wisdom.

At a wedding in our family the bride was showered on her way to the carriage with colored confetti. It was raining, and wherever the confetti fell it left either a red or a blue spot. The spots were indelible. Several guests had light dresses ruined. White confetti is much prettier, resembling, as it does, a snow storm, and can do no harm to clothes.

For dusting the sick room, our family physician recommended placing a large handful of cotton batting in a steamer until it is light and moist, then drying it partially and using it as an ordinary duster. The damp cotton holds the dust. Each duster should be burned after it is used.

After a bottle of glue has been opened, rub a little fat of some kind, such as lard or cold cream, around a sound cork, before inserting it in the bottle, and the cork will pull out easily. The fat excludes all air. Glass stoppers should be treated in the same way.

I became a possessor recently of a wonderful piece of old lace. The collar was in fairly good condition, although somewhat yellow from age, but the lace on the undersleeves was generally dirty. This lace was too delicate for any ordinary method of washing, so I took a quart glass jar, some liquid soap and put the undersleeves in, filling the jar with cold water. I placed the jar in an agate kettle and after bringing it to the boiling point left it on the back of the stove for three or four hours. I carefully shook the lace out and forth in the water until the water began to look as if it needed to be changed. I then turned off the first water and replaced it with clean hot water, repeating this several times. The last time I left it in a sunny window for a day. After I had squeezed out the water I pinned the lace on a quilt cover. Then the lace was partly dry I pressed it. Perhaps this method would be too much work for common lace, but never having owned any real rose point before, I was anxious for the best results.

Essentials to Success.

The first and necessary condition to success in a boy by parents and teachers are not numerous or difficult: honesty, neatness, punctuality and reliability, with a training otherwise which impels involuntary subordination to discipline. This with a general ambition to succeed is sufficient to carry a boy as high as his mental capacity and physical capabilities will permit.

He must make subservient to his own personal comfort the needs of the service he enters; go when and where he is sent, always cheerfully.

It will probably need to attract attention to his high, by a superabundance of loyalty and fidelity; a willingness to render more service than paid for; to do better work than others and more of it. To bring himself to do that which is generally considered obnoxious by his fellow employees requires independence of character and self-control.

Parents can well keep these things in mind in training their boys, as the difficulties they will encounter in this respect are becoming greater as our social conditions change.—W. L. Paris, in Good Housekeeping.

Era of Evening Dress

This is essentially the era of the evening dress. Even the simplest of evening frocks are beautiful, and may be fashioned easily and cheaply. Thin gauzy silks and satins, printed chiffons, figured mulls and all manner of spangled materials are used for these gowns. Some of these fabrics are sold as low as 15 and 25 cents a yard, and make up exquisitely, with an effect almost equal to that obtained when very costly materials are used.

Nearly all these evening gowns have some picturesque touch about them: bows set on in odd places, frills, ruffles or puffings used in fetching ways. There is something singularly youthful about all of them. Even those for older people have an appropriate appearance of perennial youth.

All Skirts Short. All skirts are short. The trained skirt, except for dowdierlike women, is quite out of fashion at present, and all smart skirts clear the ground. Large buttons used in a decorative fashion still cling to favor. They have been used for a long time now, but people are reluctant to part with them.

The overskirt is as much in evidence as ever, and it seems to accentuate the clinging-about-the-ankles effect of the new skirts. The overskirt is always a little wider than the skirt itself. Many of the new overskirts are gathered in about the bottom and attached to the skirt in pout fashion. This is a charming idea if not overdone.

Know the Children Better. American parents, of all parents in the world, ought to know their children better and to know more of them and more about them, so that they may be healthy and happy together, the ideal family in an ideal state. It is not asking too much of American fathers and mothers to make the necessary records and transmit them to competent hands. They will increase their own enjoyment, broaden the horizon of their being, and while so doing, enter imperceptibly but irrevocably into that companionship with childhood which alone makes real men and women of us all.

Put Yourself in Another's Place

There is one accomplishment which for making the world go smoothly and pleasantly along, is better than music or the fine arts, than reading or the gift of conversation. It is not taught in any school or college—more's the pity; it is not proudly displayed by its rare possessors. It is without a definite name and is hardly recognized openly even when met. And yet the ability to do no other one thing counts for as much as the power to use this accomplishment. It is variously known as having tact, as being sympathetic and as putting one's self in another's place; and the man or woman with this gift is the man or woman whose servants loyally serve, whose friends sincerely befriend and whose ties in all directions are sound and strong and fine.

Live in Another's Personality. To put yourself in another's place you must be able to drop temporarily



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your own personality and to completely live in that of the other person. Suppose you wish to give a great pleasure to your little son? You do not take him to hear a lecture, and you do not buy for him a seal-skin coat and muff, but you put away yourself, and for the moment you become a little lad, wondering and imagining what thing would bring you the most perfect joy. Love is Greater Than Egoism. For your mother and your father, and for each one of those you love you go through this same process; and you do it instinctively, without having to reason with yourself; because love is greater than egoism. Nature has taken care that it should be so, and if you really love it will not be necessary that you pick up your conscience and make deliberate effort to think of the loved one before yourself.

Women's Equipment. Women in this their age are going to be equipped to look out for their own food and clothing and shelter. I mean so to equip my daughters. Other men have the same thought. I mean to leave my girls, if I am taken away and what I leave them is taken away, so equipped that they will not have to marry for food, clothing and shelter. I mean to leave them equipped so that if they make a mistake and marry a brute instead of a man they can send him on his way. Do you see what that means? Fathers are doing it everywhere. Women are not going to be housekeepers nor dolls nor mistresses, but mates, and that means men must change. When women

live with men because they want to, and not because they have to, marriage will average very much better in beauty and happiness than it does now.

And men will be men, and women will be women, which—shame on men!—many of them are not permitted to be now. And it is all coming about naturally, and without a social cataclysm, and fathers are quite as much concerned as mothers.—E. J. Ridgeway, in Dellnestor.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bad-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. Notre Dame, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child. The chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.



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Difference Between Them

Men live one life at a time. In early manhood they live in the future—a life of dreams, visions, hopes, sentiment. In middle age they live in the present, concentrating on their life-work; making a record, cashing in on early dreams; little time for sentiment. In old age they live mostly in the past. Timid, in their waning power, they essay no mighty deeds, but dream over the dreams and fight over the fights of their splendid days. Is it not so? asks a prominent writer of to-day. He goes on to say:

How different from woman's life—or so it seems to me. If I have observed truly, women live their lives from young womanhood to the beautiful fluke. Every day is all-round, complete and lived to the limit. No day passes without its stroll through the past—So sad, so sweet.

The days that are no more. No day passes without its dreams for other days to be. And each passing day, however active in the tasks of every day—may, every hour of every passing day—in a woman's life it seems to me the heart life, the life of sentiment, keeps step with the mind life and the body life.

What a pity men cannot live this threefold life! What a pity for the men! But especially, what a pity for the women! How often must women be hurt by the apparent hardness or indifference or forgetfulness of their mates!

Many times I have seen the pain in the eyes of uncared-for women in the presence of the rare and rarely-cared-for woman. And how a man robs himself when he no longer shows how much he really cares! For men do care. No man would barter his wife for honor and riches if he is compelled to choose. He believes he can have her and them. He believes she will enjoy them, too. He feels that she is part of him; that they are one. Of course, they are not if he is going to take it for granted.

Where Have They Gone

A class of women of a former day, familiar figures in Southern households, were the spinsters of the family, who sat, knitting in hand, beside the fire, quiet, well-bred, intelligent, ready at a moment's notice to join in conversation, or, if quiet was demanded, to remain silent.

To them the children went in moments when they desired sympathy, at times when a burdensome secret or responsibility must be shared. Young girls turned to them about advice for their evening gowns and never failed in obtaining assistance desired.

For knitting was not the spinster's sole accomplishment. It was her relaxation, the accomplishment that harmonized with her spicy little dish of gossip among her intimates, when heads drew close together and chairs gently swayed back and forth, while heels were turned and toes narrowed in the forming of the stocking under deft spinster fingers.

The spinster names, chosen from old English appellations, went well with the oris root that accented the spinster's reticence. There were Aunt Hetty, Aunt Polly, Aunt Peggy, Aunt Sally among the knitting contingent.

The names, the spinsters and the knitting have alike gone out of fashion. There is no longer a household nook appropriated to the use of these dear old gentlewomen, with their white hair, their soft voices, their quaint gowns and their snowy kerchiefs, as truly an aristocracy in their way as the grand dames of the Faubourg St. Germain.

The world is too busy, too full of self-centredness to notice the absence of the spinsters. Or some thoughtless young soul may exclaim, "My, what a relief, not to see the monotonous movement of the rocking-chair and hear the click, click, of knitting needles. I declare I cannot tell you how these things worried me." And the realization comes that people have different ways. The robins come in the spring, and chirp of summer weather, but the aunties that used to knit are no longer here to listen to the robin's story.

Where have all the old aunts gone? Who used to come together. With their blue-checked aprons on. In the summer weather? Round some neighbor's living room. Quite contented sitting. Almost every afternoon. And always with their knitting.

And echo answers—where?

REQUESTED RECIPES.

Grape Juice.

Weigh the grapes and for each ten pounds use three pounds of sugar. Pick the grapes from the stems, put in an agate or porcelain kettle with about five pints of water to a peck of grapes. Cover and bring slowly to the boiling point, stirring occasionally, and when boiling hot throughout, turn into a heavy bag and let drain; when cool press out all the juice remaining, add the sugar, heat to boiling point, skim and store in jars or bottles. The sugar may be omitted.

Iced Coffee.

Iced coffee as served in most good restaurants is merely strong black coffee chilled in a water cooler or freezer and served with chopped ice, cream and sugar. The first requisite is to make it sufficiently strong, as it seems to need greater strength cold than hot. It may be frapped as follows: Dissolve one and one-half cupsful of sugar in one quart of black coffee, and cool. Add one quart of cream and put in the freezer. Do not stir. As soon as the coffee is frozen to the consistency of mush serve in glasses.

Cottage Cheese.

Cottage cheese was formerly known as pot cheese. An old recipe reads: Scald sour milk until the whey rises to the top, pour it off or skim out the curd, place in a cotton cloth or bag and hang it up to drain five or six hours; do not squeeze it. After the whey has all dropped out put the curd in a bowl, salt to taste and work in butter and a little cream; mold into balls or pats.

Brown Nut Bread.

Mix one and one-half cupsful of wheat flour with one-half cupful of corn meal and two cupsful of graham flour. Add two teaspoonsful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add to the flours two cupsful of sweet milk, one-half cupful of brown sugar and one-half cupful of molasses. When well mixed add one cupful of finely chopped walnut meats. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Apple Cream Filling.

Apple cream filling for cakes is as delicious as it is unusual. For every half-pound of the fruit that has been peeled, cored and sliced, take twice the weight of sugar, half a cupful of water and the grated rind of a lemon. Cook slowly for three hours, when it will be thick. Add the juice of the lemon and cook slowly about fifteen minutes longer, stirring continually to avoid burning.

Besides being used as a cake filling, this makes the best of tarts and sweet sandwiches. Chopped nut meats should be added when it is used for the latter purpose.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and it Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its misery. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who for over thirty-six years has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 774 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.